Vol. V. Numb. 76

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. Of the Talks of Peace. Of the Pope's being a Mediator. The Country-man *oppoſes it. Remarks on Her Majeſty's moſt gracious Speech to both Houſes of Parliament; of the Neceſſity and Reaſonableneſs of Raiſing Money to carry on the War.*

From **Wednesday**, December 4. to **Saturday**, December 7. 1706.

Obſ. WELL, *Roger*, what News? The Mails are arriv'd.

Country-m. Maſter, there is a Power of News, let me take one Cup of *October*; and then I will open my Budget. Here's t'ee Maſter with all my Spirit.

I muſt begin with the Peace, and I thank God there is like to be none as yet. Maſter, we have beat the *French* Tyrant down on his Crupper-End; and I find the Allies are minded to lay him flat on his Back, and then is the Time to make Terms for his getting up.

His Unchriſtian Majeſty does not at all like the Duke of *Marlborough's* Anſwer, to the Duke of *Bavaria's* Letter: And, by all his Spies in the Courts of *Europe*, he cannot find the leaſt Air of Peace in the Countenance of any of thoſe of the Allies; and therefore now he talks big like the God of War; who not a Month ago ſqueek'd like a Mouſe in a Cheeſe; now he's for recruiting his Army, equipping his Navy, doing every thing that the Devil ſhall put into his Head. He dreams of nothing but Gunpowder, Cannon, and Iron-Dumplins, poor dumfounded Creature; and but t'other Day he was down on his Marrow-bones to the Allies a begging a Peace.

And yet he has his Engines at work ſtill for a Peace. I was at a Coffee-houſe, where a Parcel of Peace-mongers were a patching of it up as faſt as they could, from the Intelligence on the Foreign Prints: There was the King of *Sweden*, King *Auguſtus*, the *Swiſs-Cantons*, and I don't know how many Powers a mediating that Affair; but when they mention'd the Pope, as concern'd in that Matter, I burſt out a laughing. Quo' I, what d'e think we will have the He-whore of *Babylon* concerned in the Buſineſs; no, no, let him mind the Affair of the Biſhoprick of *Munſter*, that's referr'd to him; but not by the *Dutch*, I thank you; ſaid I, I *Roger* the *Obſervator's Country-man* do proteſt againſt the Pope's intermedling in this Concern; for the Pope's Paw in the Peace, will be like the Biſhop's Foot in the Milk, it will ſpoil all.

But, quoth one of the Peace-mongers, he only deſires the Popiſh Powers to make Peace; he calls 'em his dear Sons. Aye, quo' I, my poor Maſter has had enough of the Pope's Sons; but does that old ſurfeited Cuff, with a Crown on his Head three Stories high, think to amuſe us with his Talks of Peace? Why he need not put his old Boy of *France* in Mind of that Buſineſs, he's ready enough to accept of it, if her Majeſty of *Great Britain*, and the high Allies, will condeſcend to grant it him.

We ſay in my Country, *When the Fox preaches, beware the Geeſe.* When the Pope and the *French* King are for Peace; when they pretend to grieve at the Effuſion of Chriſtian Blood, you may be ſure there is ſomething extraordinary in the Caſe; for this is a Force upon their Nature, the crimſon Robes of the Whore of *Babylon*, are double dyed in the Blood of God's Saints; and the cruel Nature of the *French* Tyrant is no more to be chang'd, than the Courſe of the *Sun* or *Moon*. The Towers of *Diff*, of which we had a late Account on the *Poſt-man*, are an Inſtance of the implacable irremovable Cruelty of that perjur'd falſe Monſter: Peace to ſuch a Wretch; nothing but dethroning ſhall ſerve his Turn.

Obſ. Have a Care, *Roger*, the Beaus Writers will be on your Back again, for reflecting on crown'd Heads.

Country-m. I remember what King *Edward* IV. ſaid in the Speech you read me the other Day: A Prince that is perjur'd, has loſt the ſacred Title of a King, ſuch a one is not *Bonus & Legalis Homo*. Maſter I ſpeak Latin, d'ye mark me!

Obſ. But, *Roger*, you ought to Engliſh your Latin; *Joan* does not underſtand it.

Country-m. Why, *Joan*, I tell thee the Engliſh of it is this, *An honeſt Cobler is better than a perjur'd Prince.* Maſter, 'tis my Country Opinion, we ought not to give the *French* Tyrant any fair Play: When we hunt Deer, Hares, and other Game, we give 'em Law, that is fair Play in Huntſmans Language; but when we purſue Bears, Wolves, Tygers, Badgers, Foxes, and other Beaſts of Prey, we kill 'em as we can come at 'em. Thoſe that will obſerve no Law, ought to have no Law allow'd them: And this is the *French* Kings Caſe.

Obſ. Thou talk'ſt very honeſtly; but what you ſay ſignifies nothing. I underſtand the Queen has met her Parliament, and made a Speech; does Her Majeſty ſay any thing to this Point? That's what we are to mind.

Country-m. Yes, Maſter, Her Majeſty in her moſt gracious Speech has ſaid what rejoyces the very Cockles of my Heart; I will read it to you. Her Majeſty hopes, her Parliament is met together "with ſerious and ſteady Re-"ſolutions, to *PROSECUTE* the Advantages "we have gain'd, 'till we reap the deſir'd "Fruit of them, in an honourable and du-"rable Peace.

"The Goodneſs of God has brought this "happy Proſpect ſo much nearer to us, that "if we be not wanting to our ſelves, we may,

"upon

" upon good Grounds, hope to see such a Bal-
" lance of Power establish'd in *Europe*, that it
" shall no longer be at the Pleasure of one
" Prince to disturb the Repose, and endanger
" the Liberties of this Part of the World.

" A just Consideration of the present Po-
" sture of Affairs, of the Circumstances of our
" Enemies and the good Disposition of our Al-
" lies, must needs excite an uncommon Zeal, and
" animate us to exert our utmost Endeavours,
" at this critical Conjuncture. God bless Her Majesty; this has given a wonderful Ease to my Spirits almost sunk with the Thoughts of a Peace.

Obs. Here, *Country-man*, Her Majesty is graciously pleas'd to assure her People of her steady Resolution, to improve the Advantages and the Successes we have obtain'd over the Enemy, as the only Means to a solid and lasting Peace. Improvement of one Victory is half another; a Peace concluded upon our present Successes cannot be so lasting, as Peace concluded upon more and greater Advantages: *France* now offers, but then he must accept; he now offers to compound, but then a Statute will be taken out, and the Allies, the Commissioners in that Statute, will be empowered to seize and sell all his Estate; and if they give him any Part back again, it is the Effect of their charitable Disposition, not from any Merit of his deserving it.

A substantial Peace is to be obtain'd, by following the Blows already given; such a Peace is to be hammer'd out, and the Strokes must be given whilst the Iron is hot; if we cool in our Application, the Enemy will soon grow warm, and the Peices of the broken Serpent will wriggle themselves together, and enjoyn in its ancient Form, and hiss and sting as formerly: When your Enemy is down, keep him down; or if you let him rise, it must be upon Terms so advantageous to your self, that it shall not be in his Power at any time afterwards to trip up your Heels.

What Her Majesty has said, is spoken like her self, like the August Queen of *Great Britain*; but what she speaks to the House of Commons, is spoken to all the People of *England*; and he that hath an Ear let him hear, and hearing let him consider.

Money is the Sinews of War; without it we had got no Victories, and without it we shall never improve them. He's a foolish Merchant, that spends all his Money in building the Hull, and reserves none to rigg, and victual his Ship; as foolish is the Husbandman, who spends all his Stock in Seed-time, and keeps no Cash to pay his Labourers at Harvest.

We have given our Money very cheerfully to reap and mow the Field of War, and we must be accounted egregiously besides our own Interest, if we are backwards in raising Money to house our Victories.

I speak this, *Roger*, to you and my Fellow Country-men, that you may not be disheartned in Payment of Taxes, thro' the Apprehensions of a long and tedious War. I know your tacking Priest, your High-flying Justice, and others misled by them in your Neighbourhood, are often suggesting these Things; they speak for a Peace, not out of any good Design, but because the Continuance of the War will prove the Ruine of their Allie, the *French* King, and of their other Hope at St. *Germains*.

I need not, Gentlemen, tell you how necessary Money is in War, or of the Advantage of speedy Supply; you have had an Instance of it this Year in *Italy*, an Instance that will be recorded and transmitted to after Ages, to the Honour of the *English* Nation in general, and of the City of *London* in particular.

In the great Machine of War, Money is the great Wheel, which gives Motion to all the lesser; Armies and Navys ill paid, will do but little Service; of all Labourers, Soldiers are the most worthy of their Hire; and we find in all Businesses, the Work is best done, where the Servant is best paid.

English-men have by woful Experience found, that shutting up their Purses in War, has brought upon us such Evils, as have tended to our Dishonour, and have been demonstrative of our Folly. That shameful dishonourable Treaty at *Ryswick*, had never been concluded, had we not been weary of Taxes; and who were the People that complain'd of Aids and Subsides at that Time, but the same that complain now; a Generation of Men, that are always uneasy when the Nation is in the most flourishing Condition; of these we ought to beware, and not heed their Murmers.

English-men us'd to be contented when publick Service has been done with publick Money; and I think we have had two Victories are worth all the Money has been rais'd, since Her Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne; and what Disapointments have happened in *Spain*, are not owing to *English* Conduct, *English* Councils, or the Want of *English* Money.

Her Majesty assures you, that the publick Money shall be employ'd for the Ends and Purposes it is given; and you may take her Royal Word for it, since it has been so ever since her Reign; and those that have taken Notice of Things and publick Management, must needs own, that no Reign afforded a juster Application of the publick Treasure, according to the Order and Intent of Parliament.

Well then, since the War is necessary, and Money necessary to the War; since we have had such great and honourable Things done for the Money we have already rais'd, and the Royal Security for what we shall raise, 'tis the highest Reason for us to launch out our Money, and carry on the War; and don't hearken to what thy tacking Priest or Justice shall say to the Contrary.

Country-m. Master, I'll towel 'em both, if they talk of a Peace 'till the Queen pleases; the Queen shan't want Money, take my Country Word for it. Come, Master, let us go to Bed, with a Bumper to the Duke of *Marlborough*, hoping he will give the *French* t'other Thwack.

Advertisements.

These are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, the Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate of *London*, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. sells (rightly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills, experienc'd above 50 Years, to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate Venereal Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, in all Constitutions and Seasons, without Fluxing, Confinement, or *Mercurial* Preparations, (generally destructive.) These Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been cur'd after given over by others, and the daily and speedy Cures she performs, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities. She cures many after Fluxing, and practises in the same Methods as the Doctor did; which she and her late Husband have successfully continu'd ever since his Decease. She compassionates the Distress'd, and deals according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3*s.* the Quart, the Pills 1*s.* the Box, with Directions; and Advice *gratis*. ☞ She lives at the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over against *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

*** Advertisements for this Paper, are taken in by *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and *H. Meere*, at the *Black-Fryar* in *Black-Fryars*.

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